

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 41.

## The Bloomfield Record.

A LIVE

Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to  
LOCAL AFFAIRS.  
GENERAL NEWS.  
CHOICE LITERATURE.  
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed  
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of  
THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail  
themselves of its columns will find it a first-class me-  
dium, circulating as it does in the best families of  
Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type,

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do promptly and in the Neatest  
Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING: Such as  
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CIRCULARS,  
PROGRAMMES,  
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POSTERS,  
PAMPHLETS,  
AC., & C., AC.

Patronize the Home Office.

Banks and Insurance.

People's Savings Institution,  
445 BROAD STREET,  
NEWARK OCTOBER 18th 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers held this day,  
a dividend at the rate of

7 Per Cent. Per Annum

was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st  
of November, payable on or after November 18th, and  
if not drawn, to be counted as principal from November  
1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st will draw  
interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.

ALEX. GRANT, Treasurer.

INSURE IN THE

HUMBOLDT  
(MUTUAL)  
INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$200,000.

OFFICE 733 BROAD STREET,

(Essex County National Bank Building.)

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by  
fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,  
at favorable rates, either on the MUTUAL or NON-PARTI-  
CIPATING PLANS.

OFFICERS:

ELMER F. HUGHES, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.

JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas. E. W. McCLAVE, Vice Pres't.

Newark Savings Institution.

800, 802, 804 Broad St., Cor. Mechanic St.,  
NEWARK, N. J.

DEPOSITS made on or before Oct. 1st draw interest  
from that date.

DANIEL DODD, Pres't.

WM. D. CARTER, Treas.

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.  
CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty street, a few doors east of Broad,  
BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns,  
Stores and other country property, on terms more fa-  
vorable than any other Company. It has recently risks,  
and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chi-  
cago fire.

T. C. DODD, Sec'y.

Z. R. DODD, President.

Bloomfield Savings Institution,  
LIBERTY STREET, NEAR BROAD.

On the 29th of July next this Institution will pay  
interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per an-  
num on all sums which shall have remained on deposit  
for three months next preceding the

First Day of July Next.

which interest, if not withdrawn, will itself bear in-  
terest from said first day of July. And all sums de-  
posited on or before the first day of July next, will bear  
interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treas.

June 1, 1873.

## Professional and Business Cards.

D. C. S. STOCKTON,

DENTIST.

(Successor to Drs. Colburn)

No 15 Cedar street,  
Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-  
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RESIDENCE:

C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN ST.

Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

JAMES HUGHES,

SURVEYOR:

OFFICE, MARSHALL HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,  
BLOOMFIELD AVE.,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all  
kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

SIGN-WRITING,  
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,  
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Corner Madison Avenue and Thomas Street,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS,

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-  
cutes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and  
Pamphlets with neatness and dispatch.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE  
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES BERRY,

WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-  
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

MYRTLE STREET,  
Near Watkinson Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JAGER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 23-ly

SMITH E. PERRY

REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,  
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.  
Residence, Madison street. Shop, State street, near  
Liberty.

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

R. D. BROWER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.

WATKINSON DEPOT, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

## Miscellany.

IN THE ROUGH.

The marble was pure and white,  
Though only a block at best.  
But the artist with inward sight,  
Looked farther than all the rest,  
And saw in the hard, rough stone,  
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care  
And chiseled a form of grace—  
A figure divinely fair,  
With a tender, beautiful face:  
But the blows were hard and fast  
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives  
Must bear God's chisel keen,  
If the spirit yearns and strives  
For the better life unseen.  
For men are only blocks at best,  
Till the chiseling brings out all the rest.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In Kansas, a widow married a young man  
early in the spring, just at planting time.  
Her crops have not been gathered in, and  
now she has turned the young man out of  
house and home.

A Boston preacher, in speaking of the  
danger of permitting the Bible to be crowd-  
ed out by the newspaper, perpetrated the  
following pun: "Men now-a-days," said he,  
"are like Zacheus—desirous of seeing Jesus,  
but they cannot because of the press."

A high-school girl, just graduated, said in  
her essay: "Let us avoid the frivolities of  
life, and pursue the noblest ends only."  
The next day she was moved to tears in an  
agonizing attempt to decide the proper shade  
of blue for her complexion.

A gentleman was warmly eulogizing the  
constancy of an absent husband in the pre-  
sence of his own loving wife. "Yes, yes,"  
assented she. "He writes letters full of the  
agony of affection, but he never remits me  
any money." "I can conceive that," said  
the other, "for I know his love to be unre-  
mitting."

"Speaking of extravagance in dress,"  
writes Captain Crostree, "the most expen-  
sively dressed man I ever saw was an African  
Chief on the Gulf Coast. His wives had  
anointed him thoroughly with palm oil, and  
then powdered him from head to foot with  
gold-dust. You never saw in your life a  
man got up so utterly regardless of ex-  
pense."

Mr. Nuellius could not attend church be-  
cause he lived so far away. Last week he  
tried to sell his house to Deacon Mayatt.  
The Deacon expressed himself very well  
pleased with the property, and the only ob-  
jection he could find was, that it was too  
far away. "What, this place too  
far away?" said Mr. Nuellius in surprise.  
"You must be joking, Deacon. Any one  
who cared to go to church wouldn't mind  
that little walk." "So I should think," said  
the Deacon, with his mild blue eyes turned  
full upon Mr. Nuellius. That gentleman  
coined, expectorated, and left. He still  
owns the property.—Danbury News.

Beauty and Brains.

Some newspaper writer revives the la-  
mentable truism that literary women are  
seldom beautiful. Their features, and par-  
ticularly their foreheads, are more or less  
masculine. But there are exceptions to  
every rule, and Miss Landon was an excep-  
tion to this one. She was exceedingly fem-  
inine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton likewise is  
a pretty woman. Miss Anthony and Mrs.  
Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane  
Porter were women of high brows and irreg-  
ular features, as was also Miss Sedgwick.  
Anna Dickinson has a strong masculine  
face; Kate Field has a good looking, though  
by no means pretty one; and Miss Stowe is  
thought to be positively homely. Alice and  
Phoebe Carey were both plain in features,  
though their sweetness of disposition added  
greatly to their personal appearance.  
Margaret Fuller had a splendid head, but  
her features were irregular, and she was  
anything but handsome, though sometimes  
in the glow of conversation she appeared  
almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had won-  
derfully beautiful dark brown eyes and a  
perfectly-shaped head. She was small to di-  
mension, and was as simple in her man-  
ner as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine-  
looking woman, wearing an aspect of grace  
and refinement and great force of character  
in her face and carriage. Laura Holloway  
resembles Charlotte Bronte both in person-  
al appearance and the sad experience of her  
young life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marion  
Harland can lay claim to handsome faces,  
though they are splendid specimens of cul-  
tured women, while Mary Clemmer Ames is  
just as pleasing in features as her writings  
are graceful and popular.

A Profitless Adventure.

Many will remember the adventures of a  
man who some time since started from  
Philadelphia to row in an open boat to New  
Orleans. His name was Joseph C. Cloud,  
and his agreement was not to sleep out of  
his boat until he completed his trip. The  
wager was \$2,000. He was a man of strong  
physical organization, and expected to ac-  
complish his journey without trouble. The  
following dispatch gives the melancholy  
termination of his effort:

Joseph C. Cloud, the oarsman who started  
from Philadelphia some three months  
since to row to New Orleans by canals and  
rivers, died on Tuesday last five miles above  
Plagne Mine, La. Cloud was found in his  
boat, in an almost exhausted condition, on  
Monday, and died the next day. His diary  
shows that he has been suffering with what  
he termed "heavy shakes" for some days  
before death.

## From Wood's Household Magazine.

A LITTLE CLUB AFFAIR.

Isabel walked the parlor of her suite. It  
was far past midnight, and the great hotel  
was nearly silent. Up and down, with a  
supple, leonine motion peculiar to her, and  
a footfall of velvet, turning her black eyes  
restlessly, and whirling about if the air  
stirred in the passage; thus she had moved  
for hours.

Was she a heroine in distress? Was she a  
woman of gifts evolving some creation  
from her sleepless brain? I am sorry to  
bring her down to earth—she was a fit sub-  
ject for romance—but it must be confessed  
Isabel was only waiting for her husband,  
who was out late. Had she been a sensible,  
practical woman, she had wrapped the dra-  
pery of her couch round her and laid down  
to sweet dreams long ago. But she has only  
been wife a year. Her husband was her  
single tie, she lived her life in him.

Isabel was beautiful. Her flesh was like  
marble lighted by fire; her hands, her eyes,  
her lips, the poise of her head, her undulat-  
ing motion, had an elegance of their own.  
But when God lent her the gift of loveli-  
ness, He added thereto the gift of super-  
sensitiveness, through which so many are  
graded to melancholy and madness. She  
had been the ward of a bachelor uncle, who  
felt he did his whole duty if he visited her  
twice a year at her convent, and answered  
her sorrowful black eyes with nods and  
winks of approval. When she was ready  
to enter the world, the charge of a young  
niece taxed his freedom, and, by  
consequence, his spirits, that he laid him  
down and died. He hadn't meddled in  
matrimony. Why should his autum-  
nal youth be spoiled by a foster-daughter? The  
problem shrouded him into the grave.

Then Burnham appeared to Isabel. His  
family and hers had been on friendly terms  
three generations. He had just returned  
from a long tour, and had the air of other  
continents around him, which fascinated her  
senses. Afterwards, his best grew upon  
her: his generous nature, his pure inten-  
tion, his mellow thought, the whole fine  
structure of his manhood. She knew little  
of the world; she made him her standard.  
So that when Burnham came wooing and  
made her sure that all his happiness was in  
her, she staked herself, and was blessed in  
proportion to her intense sensibility.

When Isabel became a wife, she did not  
degrade her hero. Her very estimate kept  
him up to her. Proud and tender of her,  
he walked to rectitude, and softly, before  
her, many moons and never meant to de-  
viate.

But—  
(The chapter recording Solomon's fall be-  
gins with but.)

But Burnham was a society man: he had  
such jovial friends, who formed such a jovial  
and select club. The "Pickwick Club,"  
ran over with money, and leisure, and grace-  
ful gaiety. To be a Pickwickian, "was to  
be recognized as a tip-top globe of the  
city cream. Youngsters of family looked  
forward to rising into this club much as  
the young Roman anticipated the toga of  
manhood. It yielded an absurdly strong  
influence. The "Pickwickians" met in el-  
egant apartments, drank imported wine, at-  
tended by perfect and silent service, and  
mailed at the hard-worked, sad-visaged world.  
Young husbands were considered great con-  
quests among them; and they importuned  
Burnham so much to join them, that he  
good-naturedly took to "running in."

From taking a friendly cigar and glass, he  
went on to extending his stays till the fas-  
cination of the Club ran through all his  
veins.

Isabel knew nothing of clubs. She sup-  
posed they might be assemblages of gen-  
tlemen with something of a literary char-  
acter, such as Addison pictures. She saw in  
her mind's eye sober citizens grouped about  
tables reading, perhaps smoking, and dis-  
cussing wisdom. And she waited for her hus-  
band because she was restless when he was  
away, not because she had any righteous  
tongue in pickle for him.

Feet shuffled in the hall. She bent her  
neck: her whole body crouched to listen.  
They drew nearer, zig-zagging: they paused  
at her door: and the being outside, evident-  
ly an animal without hands, began to rub  
and fumble and growl for entrance.

Isabel threw the door open: when a per-  
son in a very bad hat, with his whole ap-  
parel somewhat on one side, fell at her feet.  
It was a stage-scene, but terribly real with  
one actor. Isabel started back, raising and  
wringing her hands and staring at her hus-  
band like a maniac. Mr. Burnham gathered  
himself up and took observations. Some  
drunken men are abusive; others maudlin;  
others jolly. But Burnham was pompous.  
He found a sofa, and mounted it tremu-  
lously to harangue his wife on her duty as  
"gen'l'men to ch'ndnet 'self like gen'l'men—  
driv'edulecare way! and made as consum-  
mate and disgusting a fool of himself as it  
is possible for a man's body to do when that  
fine spirit which governs is drowned.

Isabel stood watching without moving a  
muscle. The stare drew his attention, and  
he requested leave to ask if she were drunk,  
and if she went to "sult him?" Then, over-  
wrought by his own eloquence, he re-  
laxed and dropped along the sofa. She saw

a face swollen and sensual; a frame nerve-  
less and heavy; a man turned to a beast.

Her maid tapped at an inner door to ask  
if Mrs. Burnham wanted her now.

"Go to my dressing-room," replied Is-  
abel, towering between the damsel's eyes and  
that locomotive-laboring-up-a-steep-grade,  
upon the sofa. "Wait for me there."

She closed the door and went back. Not  
being addicted to harangues and handker-  
chiefs, she merely clasped her hands and  
looked at him, thinking I suppose, that no  
wife like hers had ever come upon the world  
since the deluge. Yet Mrs. Smith, down by  
the wharves, could have shown her deeper  
depths; and thousands of wretches within  
few square miles, might have smiled at her  
butterfly misery. Yet after all, everyone suf-  
fers according to his stroke. Isabel considered  
wine as belonging to gentle breeding. That  
Mrs. Smith's "man" should come to the gutter  
through rum, was a thing to be expect-  
ed; "that sort of people you know, etc.,"  
but that Mrs. Burnham's lord could be  
touched with the same infirmity, was a re-  
velation of human nature for which she was  
not prepared. Like all natures of her cast,  
she stood in fiercest judgment over what  
she loved best.

Burnham slept till a late sun thrust bright  
daggers through his hair, and heated his  
eyelids.

Dissipation treated him kindly. He came  
down to luncheon after bath and toilet and  
a little philosophy, as fresh and suave as  
your father confessor. Isabel did not  
trouble him for the time. She had taken  
her maid and gone out, he supposed, and  
he was glad of having more time to recover  
himself before he attempted to pass muster  
under those black eyes again. He came  
home to dinner, invigorated by business,  
with his winning, repentant guise on his  
arm, ready for use, as you may say. But  
Isabel had not yet returned. No one had  
seen her that day.

He rushed to her room and plowed among  
her belongings. She had taken little; and  
that little had evidently been packed hasti-  
ly.

Pinned to a frame containing his portrait,  
Burnham found her last testament; he  
opened it with a face like the dead. She  
said to him:

"Do not search for me. We can never be  
anything to each other again. You have  
killed me; you taught me to lean on and  
adore the best of men; and then you un-  
masked and showed me what you were.  
The world is black; I have no faith in any-  
thing."

Mr. Burnham, in reading this scrip, forgot  
the repose of good breeding. He fell  
upon his knees as if Hercules had planted a  
blow between his eyes; he rung for the po-  
lice; and whirled up the great hotel like a  
madman. But those much buttoned gen-  
tlemen, with clubs and ornamental caps,  
have a soothing effect on the most harrowed  
mind. Burnham dropped down in his pa-  
lor, with his head between his hands, and  
explained himself in fragments to one of  
them, who stood reading him like a book.

"Did she have money?" asked the im-  
movable.

"She has a large bank account, her own  
property, which I never touch. Perhaps  
she has cashed that."

On investigation it was found that she  
had.

"And with eighteen hours start," pursued  
the immovable, "she'll be well away from  
the city by this time. Description of lady,  
and lady's woman, sir?"

So they took notes, examined, put their  
hands to the wires, and flew about surely  
and silently. While Burnham measured his  
rooms or the street, or sat in police stations,  
looking like an old man.

Once, when a juvenile, I seized a stone,  
with an impulse of disgust, and hit a  
child, who crept from under the barn. It  
screamed and tottered, lifting suffering eyes.  
The poor thing had been poisoned: great  
ulcers were on its back; it was crawling from  
death, and I hurt it! I sat down on the  
grass, crying and wringing my hands, the  
very wretch alive! I had struck a suffer-  
ing, defenseless creature; if I could only  
have gathered the rat on my lap and soothed  
his dying moments! But he dragged out of  
sight and left me everlasting remorse. Since  
cruelty is a two-edged sword that falls back  
painfully if you use it even against vermin,  
how it must cut if we have lifted it against  
our best beloved!

The time of Burnham, his wandering, his  
remorse, his sack-cloth and fastings, are  
they not written in the book of his experi-  
ence?

His police force traced Isabel out of the  
city, but they were long discovering her.  
They sent him continued messages of her  
progress; he left his affairs to follow every  
clue. And dismal hours he spent in her  
dressing room poring over a glove or a rib-  
bon, enjoying the sweetness of freedom and  
widowhood. The "Pickwick Club" was no  
stay to his care. He hated the sight of their  
Beechamian faces.

It seemed that years instead of months  
had passed, when the chief man of buttons  
and clubs waited on him one day, with the  
joyful assurance that in a certain Northern  
village, in a certain house, he would find  
his wife. Was it joyful assurance after all?

At the end of his long, sickening journey,  
he stood at the gate of her house, about  
dusk, more depressed than he had ever felt  
before. She had commended him not to  
search for her; he was minded to turn and  
go back satisfying himself with the knowl-  
edge that all was well with her. Such floods  
of chance had rolled between them. He  
knew not how to approach her.

But, like a call to him, a little cooling cry  
came from the house; it stirred him like a  
sea. Then Isabel came to the window, look-  
ing out and up. Her beautiful face was  
softened and sweetened, for she had been in  
the hard land of maternity, under discipline  
which brings out the angel-side of woman;  
in her arms she held his little child.

Her eyes falling on her husband, this  
most consistent woman reached toward him,  
bursting into a low, glad cry of, "Oh, I  
knew you'd come!"

—After supper, when the room was cozy,  
and the good maid's steps had ceased, and  
the blessed child had been adored till both  
parents were in a state of imbecility, Isabel  
lunged to a button of her husband's coat and  
falteringly confessed her sin; her days of  
darkness; her ignorance of patient love, till  
baby came to teach her. Then Burnham  
took up the parody, and shivered himself  
and made promises in a way which would  
have afforded the "Pickwick Club" infinite  
amusement. And, in his turn, the remark-  
able infant raised his voice. So that they  
were very cozy.

And it was not fatal after all, like some  
other Club affairs.

She Worried Him so Much.

An interesting breach of promise case  
has recently closed at Townsboro, near  
Baltimore, in which the wounded sensibili-  
ties of the lady were valued at \$1,000  
damages. The plaintiff—Mrs. Elizabeth  
Hallbert—was fifty-five years of